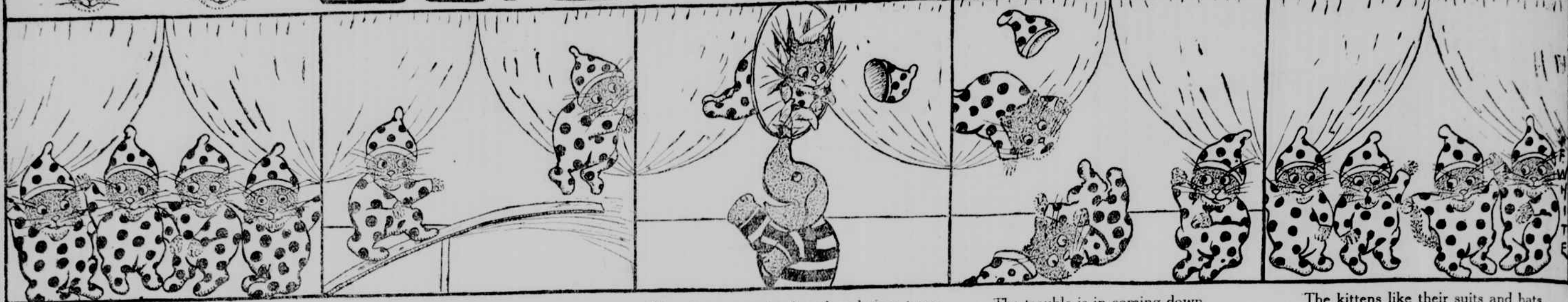


THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

EDIE AND EDDIE



Edie and her elephant
Are very fond of cats.
That's why you see them clad in new
Gymnastic suits and hats.

And they, the cats, are practising
Some new and startling things
That you and I could never do
Without the aid of wings.

They have a spring-board and they jump
Through paper hoops held high.
And imitate a bird in flight—
That is, they really try.

The trouble is in coming down
And you can plainly see,
It's sometimes hard to land just right
Or do it gracefully.

The kittens like their suits and hats,
But one and all declare
They really need their fluffy tails
To guide them through the air.

:: CANDYTOWN STORIES ::

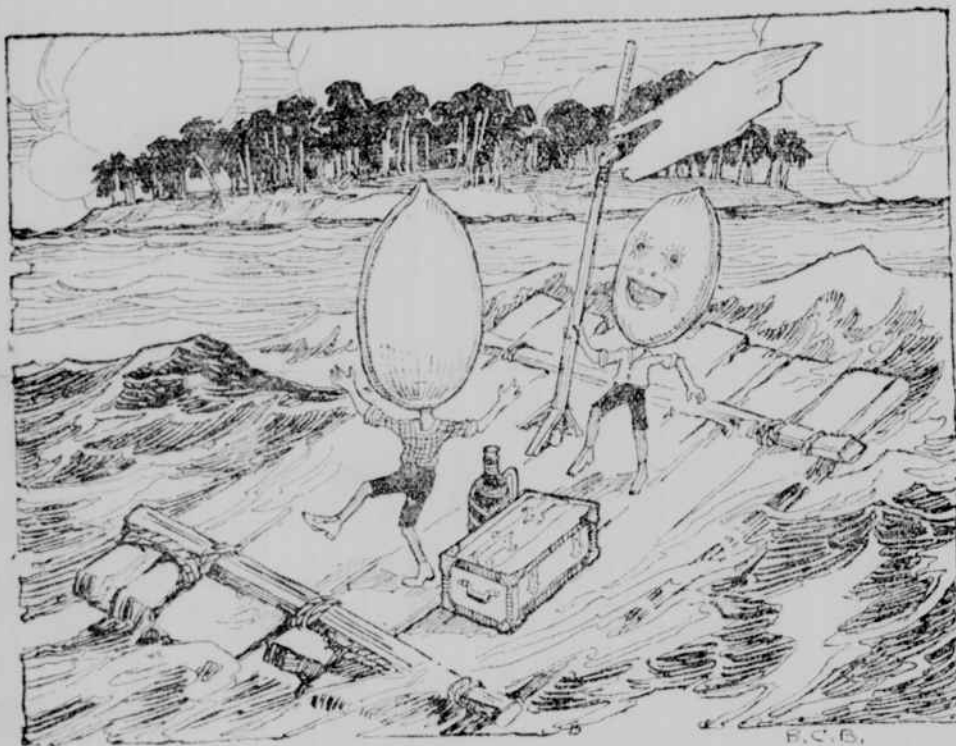
By LOUISE S. HASBROUCK.

The Voyage of the Two Almond Boys.

YOU remember that Andrew Almond, who had formerly been a little pink coated Sugar Almond, went away to sea and became a nice, brown Salted Almond. Well, Andrew had a younger brother, Benny, who also wished to be a sailor.

Andrew had finished his education at the Candytown school before he went away—but Benny, who hated lessons, thought he could

at sea a few days when they ran into a tremendous storm. The ship keeled over on her side till Benny thought she was going straight to the bottom: her waxed-paper sails were torn from her masts, and she was blown miles



"They drifted for a day and a night."

not wait as long as that. So one day he left school, left his kind mother and father without even saying goodbye to them, and ran away to Nutport-on-the-Sea.

Andrew by this time was first mate on the "Niftie Nellie," the ship made out of a coconut shell. The captain and crew were all hard-shelled Walnuts.

Benny did not dare show himself to Andrew, after having run away from school, so he got on board when no one was looking and hid in the hold. By and by, after the ship had sailed, he was discovered, as Andrew had been on his first voyage—but on account of his relationship to Andrew, who was by this time a favorite with the captain, Benny got off with a severe scolding and was given a place as cabin boy.

So far, so good; but they had only been out

and miles out of her course. Finally she was driven on a reef made of hard rock candy, which stove a great hole in her side, and she began to sink!

The Walnuts took to the lifeboats—but as these were somewhat overloaded, Andrew and Benny pushed off on a small raft made of some chairs and tables. On this they drifted for a day and a night, completely losing sight of the others. Finally they came in sight of an island, where they soon landed.

TEDDY, JR.

By Frances W. Davies.
Age 10.

One day, as Edith was walking along a country road, she heard something rustling. She looked back and saw peeping from behind the bushes a little squirrel, who had been caught in a trap and was badly hurt.

As soon as Edith saw what had happened she ran to him at once. She examined his paw and found it was badly bruised. She picked him up in her arms, and as she went on she thought to herself, "Won't little brother Teddy be delighted!"

On reaching home, mother told her Teddy was sick. On hearing this she ran upstairs to where he lay, and said, "Teddy, boy, see what I have for you."

Teddy looked up in surprise. "O thister," he cried, "I knew oo'd bring me tuming." (you must remember Teddy was only three). "Yet me fee him."

Day by day Teddy grew better and the squirrel, too, seemed to be improving. And as he grew strong he became tame, and they kept him for a pet. They named him Teddy, Jr., because Teddy loved him so much.

When they were both well again they played in the garden every day.

Teddy said that Teddy, Jr., had cheered him up and made him well. I think if Teddy, Jr., could have talked he would have said it was Teddy who loved and cared for him and made him well.

Puzzle Answers

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

George Washington. Grant, gown, shine.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

Za-Bit-B-Hair-Air-ER-ZITHER.

Puzzle

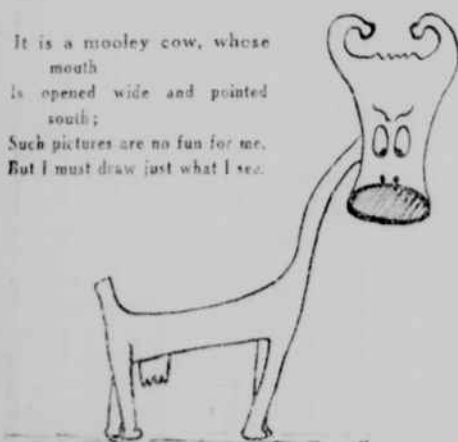
CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

- Cross-words.
1. To find a total.
 2. To recline.
 3. One.
 4. To barely measure out.
 5. A wild beasts' cave.
 6. Finis.
 7. An animal resembling a horse.

Central letters, reading downward, name an English novelist.

WHAT IS IT?

It is a mooley cow, whose mouth is opened wide and pointed south; Such pictures are no fun for me, But I must draw just what I see.



It was a charming little island, with a wide beach of glistening white sugar sand, tall palms bearing dates, and a spring of fresh lemonade. But what about the inhabitants? Andrew was anxious, but he said nothing. However, for two days and nights they saw not a soul.

But on the third morning, as Andrew and Benny were going down to the beach for a swim, they saw a strange object. It was made of two slices of bread-fruit tree bread, spread with coconut butter, and filled with grape-fruit marmalade.

Andrew turned pale, but Benny, ignorant lad that he was, turned it over carelessly with his toe.

"What's this, Andrew?" said he. "Sh-sh," said Andrew, in a horror-struck whisper. "It's a Sandwich!"

Benny now realized the danger. "Are you sure?" he gasped.

"Yes," said Andrew. "Many's the time the sailors have told me about them, while I shivered in my shoes. But I never thought to see one. Without a doubt we are on one of the terrible Sandwich Islands!"

"Oh, Andrew! And will the natives use us for sandwich filling if they catch us?" "It's only too likely, lad. They live on nothing but sandwiches, you know, and it's said they have a passion for trying new fillings. Hush! What's that?"

They found out only too soon. A crowd of Sandwich Islanders had been creeping through the bush, warned by one of their number, who had visited the beach and dropped the tell-tale sandwich on the previous night, that there were two strangers there. They now rushed out and surrounded Andrew and Benny, beating their tom-toms and uttering savage cries.

These savages were as black as licorice. They had rings in their noses and strings of shells around their necks, and were armed with long spears, or knives. Poor Andrew and Benny were completely at their mercy, so they went with them through the jungle and endured being poked in the back every now and then when the savages thought they did not hurry fast enough.

(To be continued.)

By LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

YOU and I are so accustomed to seeing all the Spider family running about on the land that when I tell you the story of a little Spider who likes "watering places" so much that she actually builds a little home for herself in the water, near the banks of a river or in a deep ditch, where the water does not move too swiftly for the safety of her home, I think you will be both astonished and interested.

Now, as a usual thing a creature that lives in the water breathes the air contained in it, but this little Spider breathes only the air from above, and yet she pretends to make her home in what must indeed seem to her a "foreign country." Probably the first time that she goes into the water it requires considerable courage for her to run out upon the edge of a floating plant or perhaps a leaf or even a broken twig and look down into what must seem to her the depths of the moving water where she expects to start a home for herself. But perhaps she just closes some of her many eyes and holds her breath and then plunges headlong, as you or I might do.

At any rate, after she does take the plunge she swims about for a second or two, then gradually permits herself to sink down, down, down to the bottom of the river, where are the long, slender plants that are going to help support the home she intends building there.

The very first thing this little diver does when she lands safely at the bottom is to select a plant and then begin to spin a curious little house upon it. She opens her "spinners" (which are the tiny tubes under her body from which the sticky material comes with which all Spiders build their homes), and as the thread flows forth, with the help of her little claws and the tiny hairs or "spines" upon her legs, she weaves them into a lovely little egg-shaped bag that looks more like a tiny silk cap than some fairy water baby has just thrown away than a really, truly house.

Then, spinning some more threads, she fastens them to her little house at one end and

This Spider's House It Made of Bubbles.



"She sinks down, down, down, into the bottom of the river."

the plant at the other and thus prevents it from floating away through the action of the ever moving water. This she does very much as you might fasten a tent down on all sides with ropes to keep it from blowing away in the wind. But here, at last, she has a silk,

For Boys to Make—With Father's Help, Perhaps.

A MICHIGAN boy has made himself a canoe out of an empty barrel, and in it he paddles all about the lake. First he cut a square hole in one side of the barrel, which turned the inside of it into a roomy cockpit. Then he put a heavy weight in the bottom to keep it from capsizing and further prepared himself for possible accident by making a comfortable seat back out of a cork life preserver. He was heavy enough to raise the front part of the barrel higher than the back part so that it was easy for him to propel it with a canoe paddle.

A SEESAW to be used on the lawn instead of balanced over a fence is in the shape of an old-fashioned boat that rocks and at the same time revolves about a central post, fastened securely to a heavy circular base. So you see the seesaw is a merry-go-round as well. At night it might be lighted with Japanese lanterns, suspended from the pole, and bells might be hung from it to jingle, if desired.

Fun's Mishap.

By BERTHA G. PATERSON.
Age Six.

Once upon a time there was a little boy. His mother was very rich and she had a little dog. His name was Fun.

One day Fun fell in the pond. It was not over his head, so he climbed out.

baglike house completely finished; yet, alas, not even the housebuilder herself could occupy it, for it is just as flat as a folded handkerchief—as flat as any ordinary silk bag would be that had nothing at all in it.

This does not worry the little submarine builder in the least, for she has a scheme so clever with which to meet this difficulty that she could very easily laugh at our anxiety over the matter. Pretty soon, when she is quite satisfied that all is well with her work and that not a single thread is missing from its place, she spins one long thread, which she fastens to the plant at one end while her spinners hold it at the other; and then, giving herself a little push, very slowly swims up, up, up through the water to the surface. As she moves up, she continues to spin the thread fastened to the plant below so that it lengthens as she moves. This acts like a strong "cable" to anchor her to the spot where her little house is fastened below.

Once at the surface, she climbs upon a leaf or plant there, and then, turning her little body up toward the sky, waits thus for a second or two. Then suddenly, with a quick jerk, she catches—what do you think?—a bubble of air that was floating by just then! This is a queer kind of "air fishing," especially when the only "rod and line" the tiny fisherwoman has is her hind legs and the spines, or hair, upon her body; but it is a most successful method, notwithstanding, for she never fails to catch her "bubble fishes," no matter how often she goes to her queer "fishing pond" nor at what time.

Well, then, with this "bubble fish" held securely between her hind legs as though it were a tiny ball, she takes hold of the guide line she had fastened to the plant and sinks slowly downward, looking very much like a pretty, shining drop of silver falling through the water into the depths below. When she finally lands at that little flat-house of hers she pulls open the front door, which, by the way, is the only door there is, and, backing up to it, she blows the air bubble into it. Then up again she goes to her "fishing pond" for more "bubble fishes" until, finally, she has brought so many bubbles to it that it becomes full to the very front door and swells out into the loveliest little home that a Spider could possibly desire.

Perhaps you think that its interior is all in one room. Oh, no, indeed! To be sure, its dining room and its living room are all in one, but away up at the top, near the roof, is a dear little nursery, built especially for her children. Its walls are all of silk; and it is closed up tight, too, and has some air bubbles in it for the children to breathe. You see, they will have to stay shut up in there for some time and sleep and eat and eat until they are old enough and strong enough to go out into the world and build little homes in the water for themselves; so their wise little mother has taken the trouble to provide them with plenty of food and air until that time arrives.

The Little Fellow

THE big boys take my toys away. They won't let me join in their play. They always tease me when I say I'll tell my mother.



My clothes are handed down, you see. That's why they're much too big for me. It's really not much fun to be The littlest brother.